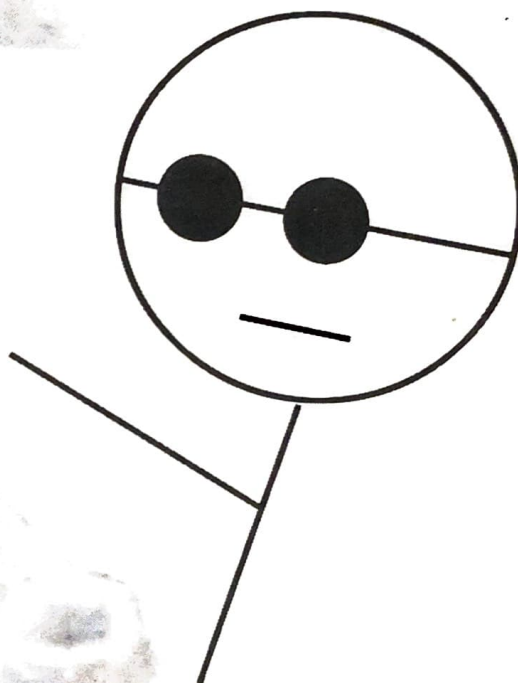


SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: NOT TO BE INGESTED BY PREGNANT WOMEN OR PEOPLE WITH
HEART DISEASE MAY CAUSE LUNG CANCER AND BIRTH DEFECTS. NOT TO BE HANDLED WITHOUT A
HAZARDOUS MATERIALS LICENSE

O-M-E-N-O'S

MADE WITH THREE DIFFERENT KINDS OF MEATS!

WE ADD SUGAR!
"WE'RE BAD
FOR YOU"



FREE INSIDE
ONE KICK IN
THE ASS!

O-M-E-N-O'S

NUTRITION FACTS

SERVING SIZE.....ONE ISSUE
SERVINGS PER CONTAINER...ONE

CALORIES.....20983098098457

TOTAL FAT.....YES
SATURATED FAT.....ALSO YES
CHOLESTEROL ENOUGH TO KILL
SODIUM...IT'S SODIUM BABY!
PROTEIN...LESS THAN 2%
EVEN WITH ALL THAT MEAT
TOTAL CARB...LESS THAN 2%

VITAMIN A.....SOME

VITAMIN B.....PROBABLY

VITAMIN B12.....DEFINITELY

VITAMIN B237.....NO

VITAMIN C...
...CAN GIVE YOU ACIDIC URINE

CALCIUM...FOR STRONG BONES

IRON.....LOTS

* PERCENT VALUES ARE BASED ON A 0 CALORIE DIET.
PUNK ASS

INGREDIENTS

SUGAR, BEEF, BEEF JERKY,
CORN SYRUP, FRUCTOSE,
PORK, DISODIUM
PHOSPHATE, PARTIALLY
HYDROGENATED ANIMAL FAT,
LARD, SUGAR, STAPLES,
ARTIFICIAL CHOCOLATE
FLAVOR, TOENAIL
CLIPPINGS, SAWDUST,
HIPPIES, RED DYE no. 7,
YELLOW DYE no. 5,
BYZANTINE GUM, ARSENIC,
LACE, A 1957 CHEVY (for
freshness)

ANY COMMENTS OR COMPLAINTS CAN BE
KEPT TO YOURSELF. YES, BOTTLE THEM
ALL UP INSIDE IN NEAT LITTLE JARS. UNTIL
ONE DAY. YES ONE DAY YOU PUT ONE
TOO MANY BOTTLES ON THAT SHELF AND
BAM! YOU SNAP. THEN YOU KILL YOUR
FAMILY AND YOUR DOGS AND EVERYBODY
ELSE WHO LOVES YOU. THEN YOU ARE
ALONE IN THE WORLD. OH SO ALONE.
ONLY THING LEFT TO DO IS KILL YOUR
SELF. THANK YOU FOR USING OUR FINE
PRODUCTS

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The Omen

Volume 11, Number 6

November 27, 1998

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Jacob Chabot.....Loves Everything
Mat Lauritsen.....PTA Son
Mark Hugo.....A Total Misfit
Aemily Reshen.....Cornflake Girl
Travis Dale.....The Commissioner
Dave Killen.....Chooses Life
Bert Cattaveri.....Sir Not-In-This-Issue
Wade Stuckwisch.....Lusting for Pop
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"Hampshire College
sucks."

—Michael Moore

Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michelle Beach (B-304, box 1127)**. If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Mat Lauritsen (A-315, x4339). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to **be heard?**

The Omen is a completely **non-partisan** forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.

EDITORIAL

by Michelle Beach

So I went to hear Michael Moore speak at UMASS a few weeks ago. You know, the guy who did *Roger and Me* and *TV Nation*. He is an excellent speaker and even mentioned Hampshire College.

Moore complimented Hampshire's passing of a code of conduct to be followed in all of its purchasing. Community Council passed the code at a recent meeting based on a recommendation from Student Action. The code basically says that nothing will be purchased by the college that was created in unfair working conditions—sweatshops, child labor, etc. Hampshire is one of the first colleges to implement such a code.

Moore's compliment had such impact that a member of the Mount Holyoke College Student Government is taking steps to follow our lead.

Unfortunately the praise was short lived. There were comments from the audience about Hampshire College being union busters—Moore is adamantly pro-union. Despite his pro-union stance, Moore largely ignored these comments, saying that he was just trying to give Hampshire a compliment.

However, Moore could not ignore the next comments. A UMASS student implied that because Hampshire students pay \$32,000 a year in tuition, Hampshire can afford to adopt the code. Whereas, a school like UMASS where the tuition is significantly less, could not. Attempts to defend Hampshire were lost and what started out as a compliment ended up with Moore, jokingly, saying, "Hampshire College sucks."

What Moore and the others failed to realize is that Hampshire is not a rich school. Because Hampshire is a really young school, the college has not had time to develop nice facilities, like the Fine Arts Center, to hold events and attract speakers like Moore. Our endowment, compared to those of the other four colleges, is nonexistent. Every penny of our \$32,000 tuition is needed to cover operating costs of the college. And still our faculty make embarrassingly less than those of the other four colleges.

Not only is Hampshire College itself not rich, many of

the students attending the college are also not rich. Over 60 percent of the students here are on financial aid. This aid often makes their share of the tuition less than with that of many students attending UMASS.

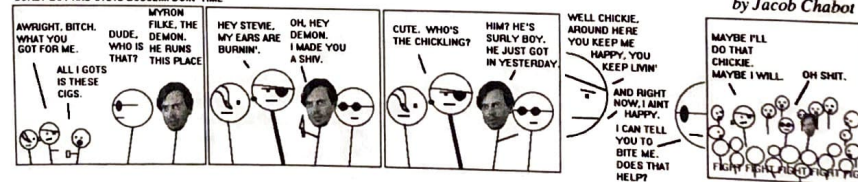
Other colleges have companies approach them and actually pay the college for permission to make and sell clothing with their logo on it. This is not true with Hampshire. Instead of apparel companies coming to us, we have to go to them, paying them to make clothes with the Hampshire tree on them. Only because of this can we afford to adopt the code of conduct. Now the college will just be more careful in the companies it approaches.

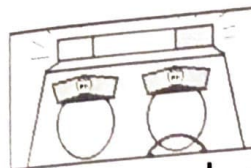
For other colleges to adopt something similar, the young man in the audience was correct in saying that they may in fact lose some money. But to call Hampshire College rich for adopting the code is unfair.

Hampshire is setting a fine precedent by implementing the code and other colleges should follow the example (even if it means they may have to dip a little further into their endowments).

by Jacob Chabot

SURLY BOY AND STEVE BUSCEMI DOIN' TIME





POLICE LOG!

November 3 - November 16

Larceny

Nov. 3, 10:00 AM: Enfield, coat stolen.
Nov. 3, 10:00 AM: Enfield, cameras and cash stolen.
Nov. 3, 10:00 AM: Prescott, camera stolen.
Nov. 3, 10:00 AM: Enfield, hat reported stolen.
Nov. 4, 11:00 AM: Prescott, camera and walkman stolen.
Nov. 4, 11:28 AM: Prescott, car broken into, stereo equipment stolen.
Nov. 7, 1:50 AM: Prescott, license plate reported stolen.
Nov. 8, 11:05 PM: Prescott, bike reported stolen.
Nov. 10, 10:30 AM: Enfield, student reported missing check had been cashed.
Nov. 10, 7:03 AM: Dakin, bicycle reported stolen.
Nov. 11, 1:00 PM: Dining Commons, coat reported missing.
Nov. 12, 10:00 AM: Enfield, cash reported stolen.
Nov. 15, 2:00 PM: Enfield, bicycle reported stolen.

Unwanted People & Things

Nov. 3, 3:40 PM: Dakin, unwanted phone call.
Nov. 8, 4:33 AM: Campus, 6 reports of unwanted phone calls.
Nov. 8, 12:45 PM: Enfield, student reported earlier unwanted phone call.
Nov. 9, 4:05 PM: East of 116, unwanted hunters told to leave

property.

Nov. 11, 1:45 PM: Suspicious person, dining commons, individuals spoken to.
Nov. 14, 2:25 PM: Suspicious Vehicle, Storage Barn, individual spoken to.

Disturbance

Nov. 12, 11:20 PM: Enfield, fireworks going off.

Traffic

Nov. 3, 8:33 PM: Greenwich, verbal warning.
Nov. 4, 1:02 AM: Four Corners, verbal warning.
Nov. 4, 7:30 PM: Dakin, verbal warning.
Nov. 5, 7:28 PM: Dakin, verbal warning.
Nov. 6, 6:25 PM: Main Driveway, verbal warning.

Drug Abuse Violations

Nov. 3, 2:31 PM: Enfield, student smoking marijuana.

Weapons Violation

Nov. 4, 11:16 PM: Merrill Lot, dart gun, Student spoken to.

Fire Alarm

Nov. 6, 2:23 PM: Prescott, cooking

smoke in 95.

Nov. 8, 12:55 PM: Prescott, cooking smoke in 86.

Nov. 14, 1:37 AM: Merrill Quad, straw lit on fire.

Nov. 15, 11:29 PM: Dakin, cooking smoke on G2.

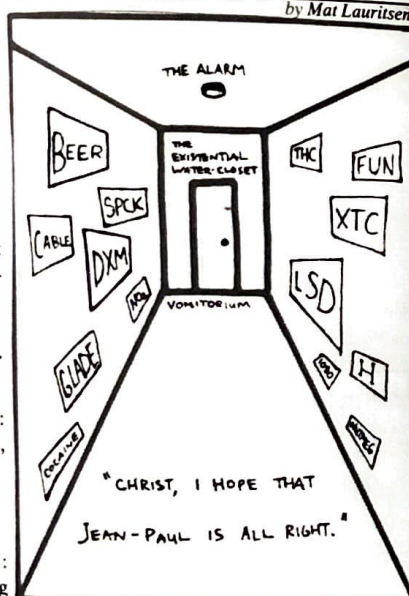
Noise Complaints

Nov. 6, 12:04 AM: Greenwich.
Nov. 8, 1:25 AM: Merrill, re: B1.
Nov. 8, 2:10 AM: Merrill, re: B3.
Nov. 15, 3:24 AM: Prescott, re: 84.

Vandalism

Nov. 8, 12:40 PM: Greenwich, air let out of tires in two cars.
Nov. 15, 1:43 AM: Greenwich, vehicle on field.

by Mat Lauritsen



Special interest housing response



by Linda Mollison

An article appeared in last week's *Omen* (volume 11, issue 5) regarding Special Interest Housing. I found several incorrect statements in the article, and although the author has a right to his opinion, I object to those opinions sounding like facts when they are, at least, very misleading information.

To explain the Special Interest Housing Process may be the best way to dispel some of the incorrect information of last week's article. First of all, if a group of students want to create a SIH mod, they need to apply to a

committee of seven people. The criteria for creating such a space is outlined in the application and includes the fact that the group needs to be identity-based and currently or historically has experienced oppression within or without the Hampshire community. If the committee decides the group meets the criteria and approves the application, a mod is given to this group prior to the campus-wide lottery. Basically, in approving this designation, the committee is stating that the institution should recognize and support such a designation.

Once the SIH mod is created, this mod abides by the same room choosing guidelines as the rest of the community, with the exception of being able to combine and squat with anyone from the community (not just mod residents). (Our

Institutionally designated substance free mods are given the same opportunities to combine and squat.) In reality, SIH mods have a much smaller population to draw from (that meet their special designation) than the rest of the campus. SIH mods that fail to meet quorum lose their mod, just like any other mod!

Although Mr. Boyer may not see why these groups of people may warrant special attention, explaining this could be a total other article.

In closing, I'd like to say that I have met, personally, with Paul to discuss his opinions and to point out some of his erroneous statements. If anyone has questions, concerns or problems with any of the housing or room choosing procedures or policies, I'm happy to sit and discuss them with you. My office is located in Dakin.

The Housing Advisory Committee wants your opinion

by Linda Mollison

The Housing Advisory Committee (HAC) will meet for its final session of the semester at 2:00 p.m., Friday, December 4 in the Central Housing Office in Dakin.

Our main topic of discussion will be "The Interview Process." Many students, from both mods and dorms, feel that the current process has many flaws. We want to hear from you. As you go through the room choosing process now, keep in mind your experiences. How many interviews do mods conduct to fill one vacancy? How many interviews does one

Merrill or Dakin resident go through before he's accepted or finally rejected from the mods? Are interviews conducted in a respectful manner?

PLEASE LET US KNOW!! Take the time to jot down some of your opinions and share them with someone on the Housing Advisory Committee. My office will be putting together a simple survey, trying to get input on these issues, shortly after the room choosing process is completed this semester. We look forward to hearing from you.

Other issues coming up: Clustering designations—Let's put smoking designations together and nonsmoking designations together.

It doesn't make sense to put a no-smoking mod in the midst of several smoking areas or a quiet mod in the midst of a party area. We will talk about how to do this and how long it might take to be able to cluster designations.

HAC needs a minimum of one representative from each housing unit. Meetings are open to all.

Contact Linda Mollison, Housing Coordinator, for more information at ext. 5543.

SHAKEN, not STIRRED

by Dave Kallen

Taxi!" screamed Bob, in order not to hail one, but rather to warn me of its damning trajectory. Defiantly I flipped the switch on ex-Omen editor Strauss' Volvo 850 to Sport, dancing around a bicycle courier and between two school busses. The 850's six cylinders purred in unison as the cab, from which two blocks earlier I had learned the very move I had just used to escape it, lagged half a block behind. Its Ford powerplant gasping in the oxygen-deprived air of Manhattan, it became nothing but a mere joke to Bob and me; a joke we laughed heartily over all the way to the West side. Driving in New York City wasn't so hard. Not even for a couple of Oregonians in a borrowed sports sedan. **The real problem, we knew, was going to be unloading all that stolen heroin.**

It had started off innocently enough, or at least as innocently as any drug deal starts. The plan was simple—borrow a car, drive to New York, buy drugs, sell them at Hampshire. Simplicity being the better part of Valor, I had no reason to think the plan would fail in any way. In fact, my confidence was brimming over, infecting Bob and, if I'm not mistaken, the car itself. You might say inanimate objects cannot possess human characteristics such as confidence, but I say, for that very reason, the truth is that they cannot LACK such characteristics. And that Volvo was one confident machine. Any doubts I had to that

It's all true, really

effect were quickly squelched by an experience on the George Washington Bridge, in which the car drove directly into Newark without so much as a whimper of anxiety. A gutless threesome we were not.

Having taken our time and found Manhattan only after proving we were men enough to conquer Newark, Bob, Volvi (as we had come to call him), and I had quickly arrived at our destination. The details of the deal itself are inconsequential—suffice to say it did not go as planned. Bob and I had found ourselves with blood on our hands and Volvi with bodies in his spacious trunk as we idled up the ramp of the parking garage and out onto 56th street. Not to be forgotten, of course, was the 150 pounds of smack we'd stashed under the hood. We were working our way out of Manhattan, taking our time, when the taxi from the first paragraph almost hit us. Now, after expertly evading that problem as well, we focused on getting off of the island.

After an hour or so of driving, the suggestion was made that perhaps our directional abilities could be enhanced through chemical means. Where Volvi got that idea, I'll never know, but it became rapidly apparent 10 minutes later, with the heroin coarsing through my veins, that, while the drug certainly made things more interesting, it had little or no positive effect on my ability to navigate the city streets. Bob was rendered unresponsive to my queries, and Volvi seemed to be running a little rougher as well. We found it much easier, and in fact

much more entertaining, to pull over and stare out the windows at the bizarre and fascinating spectacle of Manhattan's foot traffic. Its constant flux and movement was mesmerizing; everyone headed the same way, looking in the same direction. Except that guy with the glasses and gap teeth. He was headed right for us...

The next thing I knew, Bob and I were seated beside each other on a stage, with Volvi parked on the next level down. The gap tooth guy sat at a desk next to us and went on about the Top Ten reasons Monica Lewinsky shouldn't be allowed to have children. Bright lights fragmented my vision and my head swam with drugs and confusion. Volvi's headlights rolled back in his hood, and he started to shudder and leak antifreeze. Bob was either asleep or unconscious. I squinted past the lights and thought I saw a camera. Wait, two cameras. Or three. I started to stand up but Gap Tooth had clamped a hand on my shoulder and held me firmly in place, blabbing something into a microphone about how **I looked like a prime candidate to replace Lewinsky as Clinton's personal concubine.** I tried to smile. Laughter from unseen masses surrounded me. My head was pounding as I reached into my pocket, a grotesque smile locked onto my face.

Volvi's trunk lid popped up immediately, responding to the sig-

continued on the next page

Those Phucking Tight-Asses

by Mathew Lauritsen

When you grow up, please do not become a PTA mother. The PTA mother, as a conceptual demon, has ruined many American staples, from the injurious childhood to the practical joke. The flaming sword of the PTA mother is the catchall phrase "for insurance reasons." Today, one cannot organize his or her good friends in the interest of having a rock fight on the grounds of an elementary school, or play football without a helmet, for fear of impending legal trouble. If a PTA mother slips on the icy steps of the courthouse, all hell will break loose. If I slip on the icy steps of the courthouse, I acknowledge that said slippage was my responsibility, as a user of steps and habitual walker, to avoid. She will sue everybody. I will curse God, or my brother, or the guy who couldn't help but laugh. **I want to kill the PTA mother because she is weak, and she cares about people in the wrong way.**

When the PTA mother becomes enraged about her girlfriend's first-grader who ate all the paste, she is less affected by the child's wellbeing than by her fiercely passive-aggressive longing to punish. Though that sentence seems as though it may have been concluded prematurely, it was not. The PTA mother, above all, is the torturer of the modern era. She will take every opportunity to abuse her powers as a "concerned citizen," as a "team player," as a "busy-body," and as "that no good bitch who thinks she owns the world." Needless to say,

continued from the previous page

nal from the remote I held in my hand. For a moment everything was still; even Gap Tooth finally shut up. Then a bloody hand flopped over Volvi's rear fender, followed by another (which held a gun), followed by a head. No longer regretting my inability to finish off the dealer we had mortally wounded but not killed, I glanced at Bob, and in pre-

cise synchronization we both toppled over backwards in our chairs. I began to pass out to the sounds of gunfire and panic, and the thud of Gap tooth hitting the floor with a .45 caliber bullet hole in his forehead. I smiled at the fact that I was alive. Bob surely smiled as well.

I woke up briefly on the way back to Hampshire, Volvi du-

many pro-lifers are PTA mothers. Other people's business becomes the business of the PTA mother because she has no business of her own; without talent or personality, the PTA mother is forced to enter the arena of the petty. With the PTA mother leading the charge, soon there will be blanket laws forbidding fun in the United States. Scissors will be replaced by infinite options in terms of paper size and shape, according to established parameters for safe paper use for minors. **Chewing gum will have a long safety cord safely bedded within it, presenting the option of pulling a swallowed portion safely back up the esophagus.** Cactuses will be made illegal, as will all things that prick.

Again, when you grow up, please do not become a PTA mother. I will beat my children, and my wife, and my dog, and my cousins, and the lady who refuses to give me the two-for-one because I haven't got my grocery card with me, and make certain that they understand that just because I have physically assaulted them, it doesn't mean I don't love them very much. Because life is dangerous sometimes, and if I am alive I therefore have a right to be dangerous and not have to fear the old man Lawyer who doesn't like to drink moonshine. The PTA mother hates going blind from the shit I sold her. I prefer hired goons to just about anything else. I challenge all PTA mothers to a wrestling match. **Mm.Hey.**



Yuppie Trainspotting

tifully at the wheel, and smiled again. We still had well over 100 pounds of heroin under the hood, not to mention a double murder and a national television appearance under our belts. Bob slept soundly, and I drifted off again, the highway darkness quieting my thoughts and sending me to a deep, peaceful sleep. God knows I deserved it.

Is your refrigerator running?

by Jessica "Jessica Van Scoy" Van Scoy

OK—so Jessica gets a little too excited when she goes to get her mail. I love it all: the *real* mail from my friends and family (you know what real mail is: the shitload of letters and care packages that suddenly disappear around the middle of November), the catalogs, the Hampshire mail (that almost always is irrelevant to my life), etc. But one day—the postman sent me a *real* gift: my first cream-of-the-crop, yellow, blue, and green Bell Atlantic phone book. I almost shit my pants. I ran my fingers over it to make sure it was real. (Well, not really...I just wanted to give you that effect. I have, on the other hand, grown addicted to huffing the smell of the newspaper print.) So—for all you lazy fuckers, I decided I could do some “research”—strictly professional, of course. Except, because the research is for *The Omen*—strictly professional could mean *anything*....

It all started with the 54 pages of instructions in the beginning of the book. “Never use the telephone when you’re in the shower, bathtub, or *swimming pool*,” it has to tell you, “you could get electrical shock.” Doesn’t it just make you wonder *why* they had to put that in there? Like there was this guy named Barney in a zebra-print speedo telling his mom.... “Yeah, I’m just gonna swim a few laps and give Shaniqua a call...” Could you *imagine* being at *that* funeral? Or finding him, at that, floating in the pool, still clutching the sizzling telephone, his zebra speedos showing *real* burning skid marks?

Oh, yeah—and if you’re pregnant, and are concerned about the environment, you can call the Pregnancy/Environmental Hotline at 1-800-322-5014. And if you ever feel like calling Qatar, the area code is 974, in case you were wondering. There’s some crazy ass shit in the phone book. But, don’t worry, beloved hippies, it can

be recycled!

Just when I thought I was done with the “helpful” info pages, I came across the numbers to the US Secret Service and the FBI. Tempted was not the right word—I was suffering. But I just couldn’t do it...because one way or another they would find me and reveal my true identity to the world.

There was also a listing for the Annoyance Call Bureau, which I dutifully called and complained about how annoying it was to have to look up the numbers I wanted to prank call. The man on the other end was *not* impressed.

Ah! Finally, I have come to the part that shares my thrill of names and the art of name-calling. My first victim....Sally Bagg come on down!

I called her up and told her that my ex-boyfriend used to call his left nut his sally bag. She hung up on me. Eh...her loss.

I should also mention the famous people that I found in the phone book, as well. They would hate it if I told you, but both Jim and Drew Carey live in Massachusetts. You should call them....at dinner time....on Christmas...and ask them to mail you an autograph. They like it when people do that.

There was also a Phillip Banks. For those of you who appreciate quality television, I called and asked for the Fresh Prince of Bel-Air. With a confused voice, his 10-year old daughter told me she thought I had the wrong number....

One listing of a Dicaprio lured me in. “Hi, like is Leo there? Tell him it’s Jess, his #1 fan!” <Click> So, um, I guess they get a lot of those....

Can you believe there was actually a Mike Hunt and a Mark Hawk in the book? I was going to call them, too, but the fact that someone was

actually going to seriously answer, really ruined it. Do you think their parents were big Porky’s fans or something? Why else would they choose to ruin their kids’ life?

Oh, yeah...and for those of you who are Mrs. Henry Jones—“in,” you can always call Michael Dube, Jason Weed, Katherine Pott, Frank Roach or Terry Blunt....in case you were wondering.

AND (!) in no particular order—some more names for your enjoyment....remember, these are honest to goodness names. Look ‘em up yourself.

- Ark Balloon
- Stanley Barfitt (all up)
- Mrs. Martha Beaver
- Robert Bologna
- Joseph and Kimberly Butz
- Chhean Phok (is his last name fuck?)
- E.G. Dicklow (as compared to Dickhigh?)
- The Drug AAAAAAAA Hotline (remember when it was just AA?)
- Sherri Hickey
- Scott Nutt
- John (’s a) Moner
- Oscar Colon
- Jeff Haycock
- a company called Disappearing Incorporated (or Disappearing Inc.)
- Two normal (normal?) men, Eric Do and Richard White....except for in the phone book when they are “Do Eric” and “White Dick.”

-Koch Construction (What kind of things do *they* build?)

And my favorite:

-Ursula Cumm

I will leave you only with this....the whisperer calls are in my spare time....these names I save for a Sat—I mean Monday night. So, if you have a great name to add to my list, call me at 1-900-FUCK-OFF and I will be sure to care. Finally, to the Skcusnerak that I called in the beginning of the semester, I still hate you. Tha End. **O**

Tori has a flakey band

by Aemily dara Reshen

After much debate and deliberation, I think that it is safe to say that I hate the Mullins Center. (What—were you hoping for something more eye-popping? Would you rather I say that I hate limbless, midget, warty orphans? Well, maybe I DO, but that’s not the point.) Back in the beginning of October (or perhaps it was the end of September, but fuck accuracy!!), I called the Mullins Center to find out if Tori Amos would be playing there since she was on tour. Now one would think that it would be easy to tell the truth to a caller when they inquire about tour dates. However, the poop-infested Mullins Center actually told me that Tori was not playing there. (Please take this time to note that Tori played at the Mullins Center last week.) I’d really like to give them the benefit of the doubt, but let’s face it—the people at the Mullins Center are obviously the children of women who participated in an experiment where they were kicked repeatedly in the gut during their pregnancies. But then again, where is the Mullins Center located? UMASS!! I think that speaks for itself.

Since I thought that Tori was not playing anywhere in the Valley, I



Tori age 2

checked around and found out that she was playing at the Tsongas Arena in Lowell Mass (as in a two hour drive!!) So a few days after my devious partner in crime, Peaches N’ Cream, purchased the tickets, I was flipping through the Advocate when I noticed an ad, stating that Tori was coming to the Mullins Center. And yes, thoughts of a high-powered rifle and screaming, bloody Mullins Center staff DID run through my head... well... maybe they lingered for awhile, but only a couple of weeks. Did my pain stop there? No, no it didn’t—because then The Concert happened.

First things first, we didn’t have floor seats, so there we were stuck up in the stands, in the over forty and balding section. What a thrill it was knowing that my two friends and I were the only ones there not close to the retirement and heart attack golden years. And as if that wasn’t bad enough, the opening band came out. I don’t know who they were (frankly, I don’t think they did either) maybe because they NEVER mentioned their name! Regardless, they sucked. I think I would have rather been locked up in a closet filled with puke with some overly hairy, wet noodle for a penis, pus-filled maniac. Oh, and have I mentioned that the whole arena reeked of cooked cow?

Eventually, Tori came out...but she was not alone. Nay. She brought with her three musicians, who proceeded to spend the night drowning out the beauty of her voice and piano. Sure, Tori WAS singing, and I’m sure that it DID sound good, but between the guy beating on the trash can, and the pink and green lights flashing everywhere like a bad 70’s party, it was just a TAD distracting. In fact they managed to mess up not only all of her new songs, but also some of her older songs. (Sorry,

but I thought that **the beauty of Tori was that it was just her and her piano—not her, her piano, and three random guys in tacky clothing.**) If you have tickets



Tori at the piano

to some other show, at some later date, I urge you to sell them now!! Don’t put yourself through the torture—even if you are a masochist, it’s just not worth it. *

**** Like having three simultaneous orgasms.

*** Like always having perfectly packed cigarettes and DAMNED good coffee to go with them.

** Like getting a kiss from a big dog — sweet, but kind of smelly and sticky feeling.

* Like having hot sex waiting for you in your bed, and then you discover that you have no lube and are as dry as a bone. **O**

Lyin' in bed, just like Brian Wilson did

by Madeleine Baran

People here are SOOOOOOOO weird!" she said to her friend at SAGA one day, "Practically everyone here is crazy. I've never met so many strange people in my life!"

Ah, the benefits of sitting in the back of SAGA, undetected, while trying to do my French homework at 8am. As I sat there, reading good old Rimbaud and drinking coffee, I got to thinking about what this girl was saying - and about the dozens of similar conversations that I had overheard since coming to Hampshire last year. Phrases like, "Could you believe that he actually smoked crack?! Insane!" and, "She tried to kill herself somewhere in Dakin!" floated through my brain; but, seeing as how my brain is composed of musical knowledge (60%), zine knowledge (15%), random writers and philosophers (10%), and wasted space (which, some might argue, I am currently employing)(15%), the person who immediately came to mind was Brian Wilson.

"Brian WHO?" you ask.

"Brain fucking Wilson!" says I. "Mastermind, dare I say genius (I do), behind one of the greatest albums of all times—Pet Sounds, and one hell of a fucked up guy."

Hampshire students could learn a lot from Brian Wilson. The next time you consider saying that some random Hampshire student is insane, consider the following:

1. Did that "crazy" Hampshire student's father force him to defecate on the kitchen floor and then stare at it, and possibly even make him eat it (according to some accounts) for a long time before making him dispose of it?

2. Did that "crazy" Hampshire student

listen to nothing but "Rhapsody in Blue" for several years?

3. Did that "crazy" Hampshire student meet Elvis Presley and then attempt to try out a few karate moves on him, only to be restrained by Mr. Presley's bodyguards?

4. Did that "crazy" Hampshire student refuse to leave his bed for seven years?

5. Did that "crazy" Hampshire student have a 24 hour unlicensed therapist, who eventually ended up producing one of his albums?



6. Did that "crazy" Hampshire student fill his recording studio with four feet of sand (good sand, too)?

7. Did that "crazy" Hampshire student let Charles Manson record songs in that very recording studio?

8. Did that "crazy" Hampshire student propose opening a drive-thru organic vegetable store?

9. Did that "crazy" Hampshire student record a song called "Fire," and then

require the hired symphony to wear fire hats?

10. Did that "crazy" Hampshire student decide to call off the "Fire" recording sessions due to an outbreak of fires in the town, which he felt were directly caused by his song "Fire"?

11. Did that "crazy" Hampshire student ever, even once, say, "I get calls, in my head, from people in the vicinity or maybe ten, twenty miles out. They get to me. They say things like, 'You're going to get it motherfucker! Cruel talk!'"

I think that we can all safely say that no Hampshire student has ever done any of these things, with the possible exception of #8. And do you know why? Because Hampshire students are NOT crazy. Hampshire students TRY to be crazy, which is quite possibly one of the most annoying things that a person can do.

Not only does it belittle people's actual problems, it's just plain pathetic. "Look at me. I'm not an interesting enough person. I just listen to boring music, talk about boring things, and sit here and reap the harvest of my parent's stocks and investments. I NEED a gimmick! A cool diversion from my boring life. I know! I'll act insane! It'll be really cool! I'll be the weird scary person."

Well you know something? I'm not scared. Nor am I impressed. The next time you try to make claims about someone's (in)sanity, including your own, ask yourself the above questions. You'll soon find out that you're not all that weird, or even moderately strange. At the very least, you ain't got nothin' on Brian Wilson.



Who do you think you are, anyway?



by the wise and woolly Dr. Jason Wilder

Last time, I discussed our place in the world, here in the nightmare of our creator. Afterward, I got a lot of flak from the public. Some of it was because of my bizarre philosophy, but more was because I hadn't researched my 80's TV-shows well enough.

In the end, the arguments boiled down to one question: "Dr. Wilder, who the hell do you think you are, bossing me around, when you don't even know the difference between a rocket booster (which is from Flash Gordon) and a turbo booster (which is from Knight Rider)?"

And I answer, "Well, that's a complicated question, sucka."

Who am I? On a good day, I see into the clockwork of the universe. On a bad day, I drop my Sony Discman into the toilet. **Sometimes, I wear a bad-luck charm, so my good-luck won't be wasted on something really easy, like making fun of Greg Prince.**

Of course, I'm trashing my "journalistic integrity" by describing myself. So, to give you a more objective outlook, I asked my ex-girlfriend to write a quick description of me. To protect the "innocent," let's call her, oh, maybe something like ... Gerda the Green Witch—Who Can Kiss My Ass.

She e-mailed me this crazy crap.

Dr. Wilder is, arguably, human. He's a lousy writer, a smart-

ass, and an unfeeling idealistic whore. He's claustrophobic, afraid of hairdressers, and gave up my three favorite pastimes: smoking, drinking, and smoking other stuff. In his defense, he has all his own teeth, and he's good in bed. But why not? He spends half his time thinking about it, writing about it, and drawing chicks with titties bigger than Perdue chickens. Thank God—I'm free of the 'great' Doctor!

What can I say? She's not only a crazy fool; she's a bitter one too! She's majoring in Calculus! She's a damn number-head—so forget about her. I say to Gerda the Green Witch—Who Can Kiss My Ass: "Go to Hell TWICE, and don't get a muffin either time."

In Hell, they give out Muffins as door prizes.

Another question that I've been asked, which might shed some light on what I am, and why you should listen to me, is this. "Dr. Wilder, where do you come up with all this bullshit?" To that, I have a very good answer.

"Research, sucka: legitimate scientific research."

You see, I'm the head of a dedicated staff of volunteer researchers, comprised of myself, my mother, several ex-girlfriends, and GE. When a question arrives, we go to work on answering it immediately. For example, let's look at the question, "It's hard for me to smile. Is that why I don't have any friends?" which I received a few years ago.

To answer this, my scientists captured human test subjects, locked them in a sterile environ-

ment, and periodically smiled at them while delivering food pellets. I recorded how many were friendly afterward, and saw if smiling had had any affect. It turns out that they all hated us. So, that didn't tell me a tinker's cuss about anything.

Next, I went out, and stared at strangers, to see how I personally reacted to being refused a smile. I found that, **when someone didn't smile at me, I felt violent toward the person.** I imagined a huge vampire bat swooping down and gnawing at their throat, while they screamed and fell backward into traffic. When the bat failed to appear, I beat the hell out of the person. This happened almost every time, except one. In that case, the subject ducked and I toppled over the balcony. Still, the study was valid.

My point is - I answered that question, and I answered it scientifically.

So, now, you know three things.

One, Dr. Wilder is a sane and stable individual, who you can turn to when you need advice. Two, Dr. Wilder's answers are the result of scientific study, and are totally reliable, and should be followed to the letter. And three, never date a calculus major. Especially one named Brook Putnam—who can kiss my ass!

(If you have a question to ask Dr. Wilder, send it to jkonschak@hampshire.edu or PO BOX 0712.)



It's not easy being pink

By Benni "Michael" Pierce

As this fall semester of 1998 comes to a devastating end here at Hampshire College, hopeful students can look to the brighter side of the year for the fulfillment of all of their college fantasies, dreams, and classes.

In other words, all that's left to do in this rotten semester are papers, projects, and division plans. In the past week, each student on the Hampshire College campus preregistered for next year's classes, and that seems to make everyone feel better.

However, there are some classes that you cannot preregister for, such as Video 1, Film/Video Workshop 1, and Still Photography Workshop 1. It is these classes that remain embedded in the minds of the students until the fateful day of the first class when they will be told who may take it and who may not.

As a busy video student, I want to express a single tip to those future film and video entrepreneurs who want to make a splash on that first day of class next semester. This may not apply to you, but it worked for me at least.

It had not occurred to me when I bought my best friend his birthday present that the object of his desire would soon become my ticket to ride. His present was to be a small, pink pig. This pig was an amazing item for the fact that it was not real, but a realistic representation of a true pig. It could oink. It could walk forward. Either way, it was up to you to decide, for you were the one with the remote control.

At the KB Toy Store

where I bought this present, the cashier looked at me strangely while I explained to him how excited I was to buy such a grand pig. "This pig is so cool. With only two double A batteries, you control his destiny ... if only he could walk backwards." However, this was not my pig, and I willfully handed it over to my friend.

Only a few days later, I became worried, and the thought of the pig escaped me. The first gathering for Video I was only two hours away, and I knew that there was no way I was going to get into that class in my first year.

"You know what you need to get into this class?" my friend asked me.

"What do I need to get into this class?"

"You need to bring something into class that nobody else has. If you could impress the professor, then he would surely allow you a place."

"But we don't have anything that disturbing," I responded sadly.

"Actually," he said, "We do." And before I knew it, he was handing me the little pink pig.

"This device is exactly what you need to get into that class. Believe me, it just can't fail."

"You think so?"

"Yep. I'm so confident in that little pig that I'll wager ten dollars on it."

"Sure," I said as I studied the pig. "It's worth a shot."

The class was filled with over forty students when I got

there. I sat down off to the side of the room, hiding my small friend in my pants where no one could see him.

The professor entered quickly, and read off the names of the people on the waiting list who were guaranteed a place in class. After this was done, there were still three places to be filled.

A tall woman stood up immediately and took place number one.

Following this exclamation, a short man laid claim to the second of the three positions. **This was my chance. It was now or next semester.**

"I would like the third place," I blurted out.

"Oh yeah?" the professor asked, "And what's your sob story honey?"

"Well, I've been working with video for a few years, and, umm, I did a local television show. And, ummm ... there's one other thing."

"Yes?"

With the utterance of this word, I produced a small mechanical pig sitting directly in the palm of my hand.

"I have a remote-controlled pig." And then it oinked, and it walked, and it oinked again. The professor smiled, and the class laughed. "It walks forward and it oinks, but it doesn't walk backward. It loves you."

The remaining spot was mine.

The epilogue to this story is short, but tragic. After this incident, my friend received his ten dollars. The pig had succeeded in making my dream come true.

That prick Jeff

By Michael "Benni" Pierce

Editor's Note: Written in response to "Forget God" Printed in Volume 11 Issue 5 of The Omen

A man once asked me, "What's fucking your shit up?"

This person, who I didn't know at the time, was Jeff. Jeff was a huge jerk, so I responded, "You! You fuck my shit up." However, ten years after this incident, I have realized that it wasn't Jeff who was fucking my shit up. In fact, it was the whole world.

It didn't seem to make much sense to me at first, but then I realized that the whole damn world was, in all honesty, fucking my shit up: way up. I mean, what exactly is there in this world that doesn't just give you an atomic wedge?

I pondered this question for years. I didn't find out a damn thing. All I found was a bunch of other things that made me feel wonky.

Things such as:

- When people put hats on sheep.
- Quicksand
- **Marilyn Manson with titties**
- *Batman 5: The Movie* - with Batman (to be played by Kurt Russell) up against the Scarecrow (played by Jeff Goldblum), with a special appearance by the Joker (Jack Nicholson) after Batman inhales some of the Scarecrow's Fear Gas. To be directed by Tim Burton. And worst of all, Robin, the Boy Wonder, is to be played by none

other than Leonardo DiCaprio.

- Potatoes that look like Hitler
- Bertrand Russell
- People who curse too much. Fuck that.

The A-Team Movie - including the all new A-Team, to be played by Ving Raimos (as B.A. "Bad Attitude" Barracus), Jim Carrey (as H.M. "Howling Mad" Murdock), and playing the part of wise, old, cigar-smoking Hannibal: Mel Gibson. Written by the awesome screenwriter of *Under Siege 2*. Also, there is to be an appearance by the original A-Team as "Uncle A-Team" (to assist the new guys out). What's up with that?

- Llamas that don't know better!
- The Sun
- And worst of all, hiccups. They just fuck my shit right up.

With all of this on my mind, I decided that I needed some guidance. I needed someone or something to tell me that I was mad, insane, unreliable, funny looking, or Betty Crocker. For two more years, I turned to the only professionals capable of doing that for me: psychiatrists. However, after visiting over eleven of them, they all told me that I was perfectly fine, and gave me Prozac.

Finally, at the end of my rope, I found the address of a new doctor in town. He didn't list what he was a doctor of, or what his rates were, so I decided that it didn't

matter much either way if I saw him or not. However, I knew I had come to the right place when I saw that the secretary behind the desk was naked.

Within twenty minutes, I was introduced to the doctor. His name tag said, "Hello. My name is Dr. Wilder. You may call me Dr. Wilder."

As soon as we sat down, I said, "I have come to you with one question on my mind, Doc. **I want to know what there is in this world that isn't meant to fuck my shit up?**"

"Well, have you considered God?"

"Hmmm ... do you think that God exists?"

"Yes. Definitely."

"Why?"

"Well, the way I see it, we're here on this planet, and we didn't make each other. So, that only leaves God to do it. However, I have a theory. I believe that God is scared."

"Dr. Wilder, what is God so scared of?"

"Well ... to tell you the truth, God is scared of you, suckah."

I pondered the statement for a second, and then responded, "Cool."

Maybe the whole world didn't fuck my shit up. Maybe it was just that prick Jeff all this time.

However, in trying to commemorate the pig's efforts, my friend used the ten dollars I gave him to coat the pig in bronze.

Now, the pig no longer walks or oinks. It simply sits, and whines whenever you push one of its two buttons. One day, I hope to press the "Walk"

button again and see that tiny pig break out of its bronze Hell.

Twenty sets of batteries later, the pig continues to sit in our room as a memento. It may not be able to do what it once did, but at least my friend now has a bronze pig, and I got into Video 1.

We can't have nice things

by Wade Stuckwisch

An ex-Hampshire student I know had a great way of describing life at Hampshire: "We live in crapulence." I don't know if it really means much literally, but somehow it's appropriate.

I've been wondering a lot lately why it seems like things are so crappy on this campus. I mean, people bitch bitch bitch about every little thing... Oh, the SAGA food is awful, oh, ACC is so expensive, oh, the computer lab isn't open at 5 AM...it hurts my head. **Yes, this is coming from the biggest whiner ever known to man, so sue me.** I'm not saying that Hampshire couldn't use some improvement, but I think first we need to examine just why it is that We Can't Have Nice Things.

My first point is that, quite frankly, you people are pigs. Anything nice we get on this campus immediately gets trashed or stolen. The lack of responsibility on this campus is sad. Since we've practically been put on the honor system on Wavy Gravy campus, the proper response would be some general respect for community belongings. Instead we've got grass that won't grow back because people refuse to not walk on it and dorm rooms full of holes, with drawings on everything. Admittedly a lot of what Hampshire has purchased in the past is shit (c'mon, the plywood dorm furniture is a joke, it's basically disposable) but that's not an excuse to indiscriminately destroy it. Maybe you don't care if your campus looks like shit, but maybe then you shouldn't whine about the phone

service until you shape up yourselves.

Another reason is that if you look around the Hampshire campus it really wasn't designed to look nice. We're talking utilitarianism to a maximum degree. There's hardly a single flourish built into any building on this campus, and we're relatively scarce on those nice brick buildings that look so posh. This brings up the third issue which is that fact that for such an expensive school we are dirt poor because we don't have a nice multi-billion dollar endowment to rest our fat asses on. That's probably one reason why we don't have lots of nice brick buildings and such. I guess that's the choice we've made by allowing students other than the children of the ultra-rich to go here. Maybe Hampshire wanted to be known for something other than baby-sitting people's rich brats, I just don't know.

At any rate, the simple truth is that We Just Can't Have Nice Things. Being raised Lutheran, I know all about this already, but for those of you who were raised something else I guess you'll just have to learn to live with it. But, that's not to say there isn't room for improvement. And no, I'm not talking about that ACC and Marriott bullshit that everyone likes to harp on so much. ACC has a contract, which I would love to see given to someone else at renewal time, but until then keep it to yourself or use the pay phone. Marriott actually does a decent job, I think, and letting everyone leave the meal plan just isn't feasible. Marriott needs a minimum guaranteed clientele to bother with our silly little school, and I'm sick of you people cooking in the lounges in Merrill. Anyway,

there's not enough room for everyone to do it. You can't please everyone, especially when all you eat is raw, organically-grown vegan dirt. You chose your diet, you should accept the consequences. If you want more options, start eating more things!

But back to my point. There are a few small things which I think the college could improve cheaply, just as a common courtesy. For example vending machines. There are no vending machines anywhere near the dorms. Admittedly this is because the last two in the dorms got destroyed, but that one in Merrill didn't work anyway. When we had vending machines, they were shit. (How come the Coke machine in the library *right next to the change machine* accepted dollars, when the ones in the dorms never did?) If the vending company that does the rest of the vending on campus is ever willing to give us new machines, I suggest they put them somewhere other than the basement where there's no security or pedestrian traffic and they're more likely to be destroyed. Maybe in one of the entrances, or, if worse came to worse, maybe even outside the house offices or outside SAGA. **At any rate, cold soda (or pop as civilized societies call it) is a basic human need** and we should have a ready, 24-hour dispensary of it closer than the library.

Another basic need that goes unfulfilled at Hampshire is basic hygiene. Case in point: no soap or hand dryers in the bathrooms. Maybe that's the reason

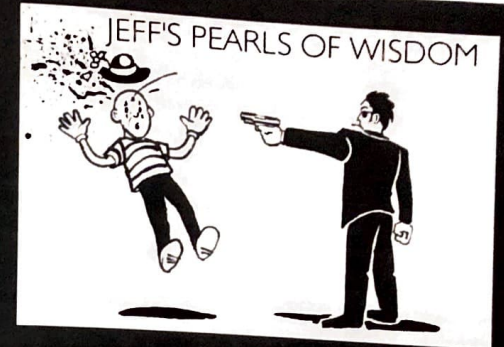
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Crapulence

you're sick all the time, not SAGA. Some people try to leave soap and a towel in the bathroom, but half the time it just gets stolen, and there's no reason why students should have to make that sacrifice. And what are visitors supposed to do? We're out of grade school now... I think we might be just responsible enough to have a soap dispenser and paper towels. And if it's a garbage issue, we could install warm air dryers or one of those rolling towel things.

And while we're at it, I think we need to hire a few new Phys. Plant employees to come in on the weekends and holidays. It's not right to have to go down a flight of stairs to use the bathroom because your floor is completely out of toilet paper. Don't get me wrong, **Phys. Plant are saints to clean up after the pigs who go to this school** at all, but come Monday morning the dorms are disgusting. Please, talk to the Phys. Plant union and hire a couple part-timers.

The other day when walking past the library, I noticed some little silver nodules affixed to one of the pillars that holds up the Hampshire Bell (our only proud tradition that doesn't involve drugs, drag or a Velvet Elvis). Upon closer examination I discovered that these were, in fact, bottle openers. Now that's the kind of creative thinking that this campus needs in order to improve! I want one in every lounge. Maybe if some people sat up and gave a shit, we could have a few small Nice Things instead of big crappy mistakes like the Yurt and ACC. And that's YOU, you dope-smoking slacker Hampshire student. Quit yer bitchin' and work for change, for a change!



What's hot and what's not for Hampshire College this winter

by Jeff Barnett

"DIESEL!"

Land Rovers
Guava
Puffy Jackets
Touch of Evil
Michael Moore

The Simpsons

La Veracruza in Amherst
Kegs
Cocaine
Merrill
American Psycho
Bethany Ogden
Walking
Film
Soul
Eurotrash
CTV (eventually)
Trashing the Omen
Bubblers
Acid
Knit Hats
Being Socially Irresponsible

"YOU BE ILLIN'"

The New Beetle
Mangoes
Hoodies
Easy Rider
Kofi Annan

South Park

Amber Waves
Malt Liquor
Ecstasy
The Mods
Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas
Lynn Miller
Rollerblades
Cognitive Sciences
Techno
Retro
The Bratwurst Farm
Reading the Omen
Dugouts
Mushrooms
Ski Hats
Having Issues

Cookie oppression continued

by Margaret Eaton-Salners

Just for the sake of clarification I would like to answer Devan Goldstein's response to his article in the *Omen* (volume 11, issues 4 and 5) about NYWDA. Let me first say that I was unaware that Devan's larger goal in his first article was to critique the close-mindedness on this campus, something I find rather disturbing also. I think I would have found his article less abrasive had he made it more clear that he was not interested in simply criticizing the people involved in NYWDA, but had a larger agenda which he was backing up with other examples. As it was, the piece read very much like an attack of NYWDA, not simply by the way it was organized. In fact, I think there are several different things happening in both the initial article and the response to my response. There is a critique of local tactics, a critique of the cause and critique of close-mindedness in general on this campus. While all these efforts are valid, I think putting them together in one article makes it hard to see each issue individually. That said, I will do my best to untangle what I perceive to be the important points. My one disclaimer is that I couldn't get a copy of his first article to write this and will write based on my impressions of the article as I remember them now. I apologize in advance for any misrepresentation. Oh, and while I am at it, I did try to be respectful in my article but recognize that my use of the word "bogos" was not, and I apologize.

Devan talks again in his response about the oppression of the bake sale and his lack of responsibility for the wage gap. I am not saying that Devan is the cause of the wage gap. But the wage system of this country is discriminatory. Therefore all who choose to participate in our economic system, and it is nearly impossible not to, whether they don't question, question, or actively pro-

test that system, are affected by that discrimination. The bake sale tried to set up a symbolic system to do the same thing. This was not oppression for one simple reason, it was a demonstration in which no one was forced to take part. If the women at the table had barricaded all the doors and refused to let anyone out until the person bought a cookie, I would agree that the demonstration was oppressive. But, whereas few women have the choice not to participate in the economic system of this country even though it is discriminatory, **every man and woman on this campus had the choice not to buy a cookie.**

Not only that but they could take a couple steps and buy cookies from the school store or Bridge Cafe without participating in the demonstration.

As for Devan's second point about the issues being advocated for by NYWDA, let me first clarify what I meant by saying that I was not sure where your quote came from. IN NO WAY DID I MEAN TO SUGGEST YOU INVENTED THE QUOTE. I merely meant that I could not critique the validity of the quote itself because I was not sure of its source and could not put it in context, etc. Now that the air is clear, I would like to say that this point is about issues and extends beyond the scope of how local organizers chose to put together NYWDA. This addresses the issue of who gets access to abortion and how. The official platform of NYWDA, to the best of my knowledge, though I know of no true authority on this, is that every woman should be able to have access to an abortion. There are many factors which restrict access to abortion. NYWDA is about raising consciousness and fighting against these and other issues affecting the lives of women, especially young women.

Over the years, the most rec-

ognized and powerful threat to women's access to abortion has come in the form of the Hyde amendment. I believe that we agree the Hyde amendment is bad, but it is important to realize the Hyde amendment isn't the only piece of legislation affecting women's access to abortion. Other restrictions include parental consent laws, bans on late term abortions, lack of access for women in prison, even when their pregnancies are the result of rape by prison officials, and lack of access for women in the military, especially severe for women stationed in countries where abortion is illegal.

Now Devan's point, I believe, was that he doesn't think taxpayers should foot the bill when the abortion is the result of irresponsible sex. I brought up the fact that the government pays for the outcomes of irresponsible sex either way the pregnancy ends. Devan suggested that the people who would end up having to get money from the government to raise their children are the ones who would have gotten their abortion funded. Well I'm not positive of this, but I suspect not everyone who can't afford an abortion is on Medicaid. Plus there is still the issue of women in prison, the military and minors.

About minors, Devan said he didn't think taxpayers' money should go to help a girl from an affluent background but who has no resources of her own. I think this is incredibly problematic because, as almost everyone knows, everything doesn't come up rosy just because there is enough money. What if the girl will be beaten if she tells her parents; what if, the parents are staunchly antiabortion and refuse to help her fund an abortion? As I implied in my response, it takes more than money to raise a child well. Children have needs that only a loving, nurturing environment can pro-

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Third parties will triumph

by Brady "the Righteous" Burroughs and Henry "the Savior" Stites

You thought Jesse "the Body" Ventura's election was a victory for third parties? Just wait till Neal Horsley is elected Governor of Georgia! Mr. Horsley is running for the "Creator's Rights" party, a religious based group whose platform includes the declaration of war on abortion clinics, and the illegalizing of homosexuality—"for their own good."

Under his command, Georgia would threaten to secede from the nation unless their demands are met, under the threat of nuclear annihilation. Classic southern philosophy: Get drunk and blow shit up! Yee-hah! Only this time it's not the sweet nectar of moonshine he's operating under, it's the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ!

A former drug-using hippie, Horsley found God and reformed his deliciously sinful ways. No more of the "immoral

majority" for him! He's on a righteous path now. Not content to sit back and see the "cesspool" that is the liberal left condemn the nation to the eternal suffering at the hands of God, he will stand up and fight for what he believes in. He will take action where others only talk. He will threaten when others only debate.

A journey to the Creator's Rights home page (www.christiangallery.com/creator.html) will inform you of the complete platform for this most holy of parties. Right at the top you are informed "no evolution preached here." You will see President Clinton dispense pornography to grade-schoolers under the loving glance of his wife. You will see a preacher giving his sermon upon a mountain of aborted fetuses. You will also discover God's [tentative] plans

for the destruction of the USA using comets and meteors...among other things. You will also find helpful links to such pages as the "Army of God" home page, and articles like "God Damn Republicans," "God Damn Christians," and "Christians Suck Out Baby's Brains." Finally a candidate who speaks the language of the people on issues that are on the people's minds.

Unfortunately, Neal was



Our candidate today

forced to drop out of the race under mysterious reasons. But next election I feel confident that Mr. Horsley will overcome the devil's opposition and become the rightful ruler of the holy land that is Georgia. So move over Jesse, the people are tired of candidates that may look or talk big. Here is a man ready to hold the country for ransom for what he believes in—beat that in the ring.

continued from the previous page

vide. Not all children who are wanted get this, but I would bet that unwanted children get it even less.

Moving on to the third point about freedom of speech, I want to start out by saying that I think, in general, Devan's article was very respectful to me. But I think that his use of the quote about postering was deliberately misleading as it missed the sentence that came right after which talked about respectful postering. Clearly my thoughts about free speech and postering did not come across clearly so, I will try to elaborate a little bit more. **I am 100% in favor of free speech as guaranteed by the First Amendment.** I am also 100% in favor of the freedom to put up any poster on this campus. In

Now to the ring

my high school, to put up a poster one first needed to get administration approval and I am glad that doesn't happen here. However, I think postering is a dialogue with no guarantees of free speech. That is the form. The reality then is that if a member of the community finds a poster threatening they have the right to take it down to feel safe. Just as this community would suck if people were not free to speak, it would suck if groups of people had to put up with blatant disrespect and hatred taped to every wall. Disrespect only leads to more disrespect, which leads to the very close-mindedness that we both find so disturbing. Again let me say that if Devan or anyone else wants to get a message out, in the name of community, do it in a respectful fashion.



Random threats courtesy Paul

by Paul Boyer

Instead of writing a true article, this week I have decided to write a bunch of random thoughts and ideas. No reason; I'm just lazy.

I have the perfect solution to the question regarding how to restructure Division I's. Put the 4 schools back the way they were: HA, NS, CCS, SS. End of story. Does it make any sense to anyone that they decided to create 5 schools, only to organize them back into 4 groups, much along the same lines as they originally existed? HACU? IA? These do not belong in our vocabulary. Michelle Beach has commented that this reorganization is very important; the existence of Hampshire depends on this. She does not want a degree from a non-existent school. I, on the other hand, am not so sure. Not about whether this is important, but whether a degree from a nonexistent school would be such a bad thing. It may just make our diplomas worth that much more. They could be collector's items. **"Look at this diploma, they only made about a hundred of these per year from 1974-1999. These are worth something!"** Maybe I could get \$200 for it, considerably more value than it possesses currently.

If people want to address important issues, I suggest they seriously look into finding the guy who put these "yield to pedestrian" walks all over town and have him killed. Painfully. Has anyone even tried driv-

ing within half a mile of UMASS just as classes are getting out? Traffic goes nowhere as streams of students walk nonchalantly across busy streets as if they were sidewalks. The only thing worse than these crossings are the people who obey them a bit too enthusiastically. Yield to pedestrians IN crosswalk, not approaching crosswalk, or standing on the curb trying not to be an asshole and letting cars go by. The 5-college bus drivers are the worst, they stop for: pedestrians in crosswalks, pedestrians not in crosswalks, and crosswalks whether there are pedestrians in them or not. My take on this is this: if you don't run over anyone, you've yielded enough.

Having eaten in Saga for years I've come to notice that almost all people who use the wok bar have decided that they are some sort of self-proclaimed "Wok Master." Yes, these people think they have to be commended for mastering the art of adding heat to vegetables. The worst thing is that their "mastery" of this "art" consists of nothing more than taking two to three times as long as a normal human being to make basically the same slop. If they were good at it they should be faster. Hurry up, you bastards.

The Yurt, again, has come under significant attack. I have been accused, in the past, of being "dangerously" pro-Yurt. I again must say that I am not pro-Yurt nor anti-Yurt. I think people who have very strong feeling about the Yurt, either way, represent what is seriously wrong with this school. The Yurt is a round building, with little purpose. That is all. Upon contemplation of the matter, I have also come to the realization that

the Yurt is probably the most aesthetically attractive building at Hampshire. However this does not say so much for the Yurt as it says how ugly the rest of our architecture is. The only other building that comes close to the Yurt is the Yiddish Book Center. Perhaps there is something about the letter Y.

The *Omen* has come under attack recently as well. Someone wants to start a better publication. There is much wrong with the *Omen*; I grant that. My problem is not so much with this person's goal but with his logic. Why would one submission-based paper be any better than another submission-based paper when both are calling on the same group of people for submissions? Perhaps he would forgo the *Omen*'s policy of printing all submissions; a policy which, if adopted by the *Omen*, would probably cut its size by half. And, of course, deciding what to cut would be tough. How interesting would the last *Omen* have been without an article about drug use, riddled with failed attempts at humor, logic, and clarity? Not nearly so interesting, I'd warrant.

The *Forward*, evidently unaware of the concept of royalties or copyright infringement, printed an article by NPR icon Garrison Keillor (*A Prairie Home Companion*, *Writers' Almanac*) in their last issue. I'm not entirely aware of why they decided to do this; the article, about everyone's favorite new governor-elect Jesse Ventura, wasn't even especially enlightening. With Ventura's recent appearance on *The Tonight Show* I'm officially proclaim-

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Misfits rock life

by Mark Hugo

As I was beaten and shoved towards the back of the New York Shitty club, Life, by multiple sweaty punks, metalheads, horror-enthusiasts, and show-jocks (the pit is full of them at any louder-than-folk show with a good turnout) I reminisced on the many times I had been in the exact same situation at a Misfits show. Yes, kids, the Misfits are playing shows (minus Glenn Danzig) and have been since Halloween 1995. I've been to about nine or ten shows, twice on Halloween. Unfortunately, Halloween at the Tracadero in 1996 kicked this show's ass. The drop screen, which I assume would have shown a compilation of horror clips, only revealed that the video projector wasn't working. In the '96 gig, Jerry Only (bass) and Doyle (guitar) came out as red shirt Star Trek uniforms (in addition to their devillocks and traditional Misfits attire). This year only their vocalist, Michael Graves, was in costume. I must hand it to him, peeling off his painted-on ghoul skin in the middle of the show was a nice touch. Also to his credit was that he only pissed me off once during the show (during some cheesy ad-lib vocals during "Mommy"). In general it was a bit of an odd show. Marky Ramone was there with his boring little punk band. The man has the stage presence of a newt. I could have thrown on a Ramones album while looking at a picture of Marky staring at his feet and gotten the same general affect. The real question is, how the hell is his head so damn big? I don't mean ego, I'm talking mass. Even counting hair volume that man has a huge noggin. Same with Joey (his band played at a West Hartford Misfits show last year, his big cranium floating above his drums set). Massive craniums must run in the family. How will they wield those mighty

heads once they enter their golden years? Anyway, Marky also sang a few more Ramones tunes with the Misfits, so if the Ramones don't make you squeal, this wasn't your night. Ryan Schick (Misfits fanatic usually seen at shows with his self-made "I Dislike the Ramones" tee-shirt) stood in the back and glared after Marky joined Ryan's heros on stage. 7 Seconds (damn fine New Jersey punk band) played three to four songs and were followed by a weird-ass band called The Independents. **Imagine a bunch of metalheads who can't choose between metal, core, ska, or punk. Why decide? Let's play them all simultaneous and see what happens.** As many like minded experiments it was interesting for a bit, then just bizarrely dorky. They did, however, do a cover of "Mother," which actually brought that song out of the jazzy elevator music category. This is coming from a man who thinks that Danzig was an asshole who couldn't run a band. The only thing I can think to give credit to him is that he knew what a good album cover looked like. I can't say I like the cover art for *American Psycho* (the latest album, post Danzig), but what can you expect from a couple of goofballs from New Jersey. Overall, the show was good—how wrong can you go with the Misfits on Halloween? Jerry Only and Doyle, who gave the band its soul in the early days, are still cranking out the horror.

You might be saying, "What the hell has Mark Hugo been talking about?" I would advise your sorry, unknowing ass to visit www.misfits.com and enlighten yourself to the greatest horror punk band that ever graced the dingy stages of America.

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ing him overexposed, and the topic of his recent victory over-addressed. Keillor's article was slightly on the harsh side, quite a departure from Travis Dale's recent *Omen* article, in which he calls Ventura's election a "point of enlightenment" which will have a profound effect on generations to come. I disagree. I believe that Ventura's victory has proved nothing except that name recognition and a discontented populace can yield

strange and surprising results. **One could compare his victory to Hitler's in 1932.** Both appealed to people who had grievances (Germany's certainly more serious than Minnesota's), and managed not to get the support of the majority, but merely the plurality. Both probably benefited from name recognition; Ventura as a pro-wrestler, Hitler as the guy who tried to forcefully

seize control of the Bavarian government thirteen years earlier. This is not to compare Ventura to Hitler at all, only to point out that democracy is a strange thing, and protest votes for a third party are not always for the best.

So end these rants. No one of them long enough for an article; put together probably too long. Well, the staff has been on my case about not submitting enough for a staff member. That oughta hold the little S.O.B.'s.

Bleacher creature

by Jamie Boneparth

I slipped over the railing to the other side of the Garden, where the people with the two hundred dollar tickets sit. Those people are crazy. I would never pay two hundred dollars for a ticket, especially when I can just slip over the railing.

I wouldn't usually pay two dollars for popcorn either, but I needed something to eat. Next time, I'll bring a turkey sandwich from Mama Teresa's. They cost four bucks, but are well worth it.

Some broad walked by the box where I was sitting. She was probably from the Midwest and hoped that Cleveland would win. They won. She had that blonde hair and blue eyes, and I hear that about all Midwestern chicks—that they've all got blonde hair and blue eyes. A sea of blonde hair and blue eyes. If there's something I like about Midwestern chicks, it's their blonde hair and blue eyes.

Tino says that it's like that out there with the chicks all dressed plainly, acting naïve like they never seen a dick before. I ought to take the train out there, man, and show them my stuff. If naïveté is a problem, I can change that.

I'll fuck 'em one at a time, so long as they give me room and board. I'd be a one man travelling road show, straight from New York City.

I forgot to watch some of the game. The Knicks were winning at the time, so it was no sweat, but the Cavs came back. I just didn't realize it because I was too busy thinking about hopping from state to state to fuck Midwestern chicks. The Cavs don't need to think about Midwestern chicks though, because they're basketball players and can have all the Midwestern chicks they want.

The broad I saw earlier was sitting next to some prick, probably from Arkansas. This was probably their idea of a vacation. The game was close for five minutes or so, with the lead shifting back and forth. Then the Cavs went on a run, and the chick got so excited that she was jumping up and down, with her tits bouncing with her.

Ho, boy! If they've all got tits like that out there, then this little business trip of mine is going to be rewarding indeed. But I had a little business right then to take care of myself, because the Knicks were down by four points with two minutes left. It ended with Starks missing a three, and it was a heartbreaker. Still, that's why they play eighty-two of these games. It all evens out, and that's just the regular season. Then there's the playoffs, though I don't even try to get tickets for that. But if the Knicks were playing against the Cavs in the playoffs, that chick would be back. Her boyfriend wouldn't let her miss a game. I bet he'd fly her ass all over the country to watch the Cavs. The fucking Cavaliers. I pity her and her prick boyfriend, having to root a shit team like the Cavs.

The subway was crowded, jam-packed full of Knicks fans, disappointed that their team lost. First stop was 80th, and a lot of people got out, so there was room to breathe. It then stopped at 100th, 120th, and finally 140th.

The last stop was the liquor store. I grabbed a couple of Colt .45's.

"Is that all?" the cashier asked, because he knew me well.

"Yeah, I'm saving up for a little business venture." He rang it up and I took out my wallet. I paid and took the beer. "Midwestern chicks," I said. The dude grinned and I left. I didn't want to tell him too much since there's no reason to reveal confidential information that would be privy to the eye.

At home it was 11:30, time

for dinner. Since the popcorn hadn't done a good job of holding me over last night, I was one hungry motherfucker. Luckily, I am a very good chef. People say that cooking is hard, but it's really pretty easy if you follow the directions. Then it's just a matter of learning how to use the microwave, and you're set.

Nuke 'em 'n Duke 'em, I like to say.

That reminds me of the poem that my English teacher made me write a few years back when I was trying to finish high school, and I am not ashamed to recite that poem:

*It was late May that night
when the city sky was a warm and
pretty sight
and across our roads and bridges
shone a soft and tender light
that I beat a cat in a streetfight.
He fought hard but try as he might
he could not win the fight.*

That English teacher was an inspiration to me. But those were the good 'ol days, when I lived with Mama and she cooked for me and I didn't have rent to worry about. Now it's different and I no longer fight. I've got responsibilities and can't be doing stupid stuff like that.

One of these days I'm gonna move out to the Midwest and buy me a cow and call her Bessie. That would be after my New York City travelling road show. I figure that once I've finished fucking every blonde-haired, blue-eyed beauty in the time zone, I will marry the one I liked fucking the best and be out of the city for good. I'd never go back to New York except to visit Mama's tombstone. Then I'd go take a shit off of the Brooklyn Bridge and leave.

It'll take time to save up for all that to happen. In the meantime I've got basketball, any chick willing to fuck me, and a Colt .45 left in the fridge.

FUTURES: Options or endings?

by Gareth Edel

The interesting thing about life is that you don't know what to expect. You can never know if a safe will fall from ten stories up and crush you like a cartoon character. This particular trait of unpredictability is also the most frustrating and annoying aspect of life. It brings a new meaning to the phrase, "take the good with the bad." **If you admit that life sucks and is great at the same time living becomes much more complicated.** I don't know what I would do if I ever lost the edge of optimism I have, to not be able to believe that it will get better despite all evidence to the contrary. I just don't make a very good cynic. I have a gnawing hope left in me. But sometimes it is overwhelmed by the sure knowledge that all the assholes out there are the ones who will inherit the earth, not us meek guys (see bible for reference). I think that it is probably more fun than I think it is, life

that is. I think that because everyone else seems to enjoy it. I think that is what keeps my optimism going. If they enjoy life I could too, but how??

I started writing this as an *Omen* article but now I am thinking better of it. This is not really funny and I don't think I will bother to insult anyone. I think overall sharing of genuine discontent with one's life is not something best done in a rag like the *Omen*. I think I'll decide after I write this whether or not to put it into the *Omen*...

The thing is I think a lot of people from this generation, i.e. most of the people I know, have some varying degrees of discontent. I don't think I could really explain why I think this, maybe it is the attitude about school, that in and of itself being a student isn't worth anything; I think it is, but it seems like most people feel like they need a plan for a job. Not many people I know just do what they like, they work towards their future because otherwise life will piss on them. You know the feeling, really, when you think about where you will be in ten or fifteen years. Do you think

honestly you will be living the high life (not stoned you fool, the good life)? Do you think once you get out of college you will be able to land a first rate job, start a company, or whatever? I hope I can, but when I look at the future, I think of my chances as slim. Ten years, and I will be hanging out with many of the same friends as now, slightly balding, hopefully with a girlfriend, and working a shitty job. Is it possible that all will work out for the best, and I will live a fairy tale for the next ten years? Sure it is. That hope keeps me going to class, and makes it possible to smile at people walking by. I don't know if any of you feel the same way. Maybe I am wrong and even my friends don't agree with what I have said. Who knows? I could just be depressed. But I just felt like sharing my apathy or depression, or foolishness with you.

If you have any opinions please let me know. Also I originally intended to have this be a health and community column, so if anyone has any health or community questions let me know. Box 1419 Hampshire post office.



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND STEVE BUSCEMI IN THE BIGHOUSE



by Jacob Chabot

